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PROCEEDINGS  
OF THE  
Virginia Historical Society  
AT ITS  
ANNUAL MEETING  
HELD IN THE  
HOUSE OF THE SOCIETY  
ON  
MARCH 20, 1916

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MITCHELL & HOTCHKISS  
PRINTERS TO THE SOCIETY  
RICHMOND, VA.

PROCEEDINGS  
OF THE  
Virginia Historical Society

IN

ANNUAL MEETING HELD MARCH 20, 1916.

The Annual Meeting was held in the Society's House, 707 East Franklin Street, on March 20th, at 4 P. M., with President W. Gordon McCabe in the chair.

The first business was the reading of President McCabe's Annual Report as follows:

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE VIRGINIA  
HISTORICAL SOCIETY FOR 1915.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE VIRGINIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY:

I have the honor to submit the following Report, giving a summary of the work of the Society and presenting a detailed statement of its finances, membership and property for the year ending November 30th, 1915—which Report has been duly examined, minutely verified, and unanimously approved by your Executive Committee.

While it is true that little of special significance has occurred since our last Report, it is yet a source of no small satisfaction to record that much solid achievement has marked the history of the Society during this time and that our finances, notwithstanding the increased expenditures incident to the broadening of the scope of our work, were never in a sounder condition.

Despite the "hard times" which prevailed during the greater portion of the year, we have more than held our own, adding, indeed, no insignificant sum to our "Permanent Fund," which,

while still far below what our aims demand, is yet the largest as to amount in the annals of the Society

Collections of annual dues have been far more satisfactory than for the past two or three years, owing, no doubt, to the drastic purging of our rolls by order of the Executive Committee. There are, however, still left some few of these delinquents, who turn a deaf ear to the "gentle reminders" of our "collector," and others, who, like the debtors in King Henry IV, "pay some and promise infinitely." If these members could, in any way, be brought to realize to what extent their failure to pay their just debts not seldom embarrasses the Society (which scrupulously pays its own), perhaps for very shame's sake they would cease their cynical indifference or (to employ a more euphemistic phrase) their inexcusable negligence, and by prompt payment enable your Executive Committee to broaden still further the scope of our Magazine.

Further appeal to the consciences of these delinquents seems futile. To paraphrase Shakespeare a trifle, some men are born honest, some achieve honesty (as a sort of "best policy"), but our records prove beyond cavil that there are others who stubbornly refuse to have it even thrust upon them. We have been not only considerate, but most indulgent, and now "where the offense is, let the great axe fall."

In spite, however, of "hard times" and of these recalcitrant debtors, who, from time to time, were dropped after repeated warnings, our rolls show a membership of 757, an increase of 7 over last year.

That our finances continue in a thoroughly sound and satisfactory condition, is evidenced by the subjoined

#### TREASURER'S REPORT:

Balance in Bank December 1, 1914.....		\$210.50
<b>Receipts.</b>		
Annual Dues.....	\$2,939.05	
Life Members.....	100.00	
Sale of Magazines.....	291.90	
Sale of Publications.....	37.50	
Interest.....	637.45	
Advertising.....	44.50	
Rent.....	150.00	\$4,200.40
		<u>\$4,410.90</u>

**Disbursements.**

Salaries.....	\$1,521.00	
Wages.....	300.00	
Books, Binding, etc.....	79.15	
Sundry Bills.....	241.97	
Postage and Express.....	121.18	
Checks returned.....	15.10	
Miscellaneous Printing.....	63.50	
Repairs.....	43.43	
Printing Magazines.....	1,349.47	
To Permanent Fund.....	300.00	
Insurance.....	6.00	
Discount.....	.56	4,041.16
Balance in Bank November 30, 1915.....		369.74
		<hr/>
		\$4,410.90

**Permanent Fund.**

3% Savings Deposit.....	\$1,100.00
Mortgage 6%.....	1,000.00
Mortgage 6%.....	5,500.00
Twenty-five (25) Shares of Stock in the Citizen's Bank of Norfolk, Va., paying 10% dividends, estimated value....	5,000.00
	<hr/>
	\$12,600.00

In accordance with an order of the Executive Committee, the Treasurer presents the following tabulated statement showing the sources from which the Permanent Fund is derived. What is termed the "Society's Fund" comprises the amount the Committee has been able to save from year to year out of the ordinary revenues of the Society.

The Virginia Sturdivant McCabe Fund, given by the President of the Society in loving memory of his grand-daughter Virginia Sturdivant McCabe, born February 1, 1906, died August 11, 1909.....	\$500.00
The Jane Pleasants Harrison Osborne McCabe Fund given by the President of the Society in loving memory of his wife, Jane Pleasants Harrison Osborne McCabe, who died November 22, 1912.....	500.00
Daughters of the American Revolution Fund.....	100.00
Byam K. Stevens Fund.....	650.00
Edward Wilson James Fund.....	4,500.00
Society's Fund.....	6,350.00
	<hr/>
	\$12,600.00

It should be observed that while the report of current receipts and disbursements is for the fiscal year ending November 30th, the statement of the amount of the Permanent Fund is brought up to the date of the Annual Meeting.

Though our total receipts from regular sources are less by \$25.24 than last year (on account of the very unusual sale of sets of the magazine during 1914) it is very gratifying to see that the receipts from annual dues are \$174.20 more than last year. Excluding the large expenditure

for repairs in 1914 (for which the means were derived from the Permanent Fund) our expenditures this year are less than last. The best indication that we have had a prosperous year from the financial standpoint is that though we have promptly met every obligation and conducted the affairs of the Society with all necessary liberality, we have this year a balance of \$369.74 against \$210.50 last year, and that, though there have been no gifts to the Permanent Fund this year, we have been able from our regular income to add \$400.00 to it, making the amount \$200.00 more than it has ever been before. \$100.00 of this addition was made before the date of the last annual meeting, February 1915, so the net increase of the Permanent Fund over the last report is \$300.00. In addition to these facts it may be stated that within a week after the end of the fiscal year the Society did not owe a dollar.

Respectfully submitted,

ROBERT A. LANCASTER, JR.,  
Treasurer.

#### ADDITIONS TO THE LIBRARY.

The addition to the library in books and pamphlets total 840, an increase of 235 over last year. The donors to whom is due grateful acknowledgement are: Hon. Armistead C. Gordon, Col. Jennings C. Wise, Judge George L. Christian, Major William A. Anderson, Sir Gilbert Parker, Bart., Judge Norris S. Barratt, W. Gordon McCabe, Douglas H. Thomas, R. A. Lancaster, Jr., James Branch Cabell, Marshall D. Haywood, J. G. Hankins, Auditor C. Lee Moore, Gideon M. Harris, Henry A. Sampson, M. A. Shiree, David I. Bushnell, Jr., A. P. Wilmer, W. K. Chisholm, R. H. North, W. W. Harrison, Frank A. Owen, Lindsay Russell, H. T. Ezekiel, Albert Matthews, A. W. Alderson, E. D. Millette, G. E. Dwelley, Fisk Kimball, Edwin J. Sellers, Henry T. Harrison, John T. Trezvant, James Sprunt, Robert B. Munford, Jr., Bauman L. Belder, E. F. Pratt, Thos. B. Rowland, H. A. Statenburgh, Chas. G. Boshier, Fred'k B. Hyde, H. E. Deats; Rev. A. H. Hord, D. D., Rev. W. J. Hinke, D. D.; Professors Lyon G. Tyler, Charles A. Graves, J. W. Wayland, Ulrich B. Phillips, and A. J. Morrison; Doctors J. B. Earnest, Emory Jordan, McGuire Newton, H. L. E. Johnson; Mesdames Sally Nelson Robins, Lipscombe Norvell, Chas. R. Hyde, James M. Lawton, John W. Holcombe, Wells Thompson; Misses M. M. Pleasants, Jane S. Stanard, E. L. Stanard; Smithsonian Institution, Royal Society of Canada, Carnegie Endowment for Universal Peace, Rockefeller Foundation, Rockefeller Sanitary Commission, Library of Congress,

Virginia State Library, Yale University Library, Columbia University Press, University of California, Apprentices Library (Philadelphia), Newberry Library (Chicago), Indian Rights Commission, Virginia Society of Colonial Dames, New York Society of Colonial Dames, Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the Paris (France) Chamber of Commerce, Richmond (Va.) Chamber of Commerce, California Society S. A. R., National Society S. A. R., Alliance Francaise, American Bar Association, Virginia Bar Association, Japan Society of America, Hispania Society of America, Swedish Historical Society, Georgia Historical Society, Trustees of Philadelphia Museum, Adjutant-General of Kentucky, and Gettysburg National Park Commission.

A very large number of newspapers, periodicals, and pamphlets (beyond the usual 8vo. size) have been substantially bound, while our "binders" now number 351, containing about three thousand five hundred pamphlets. We are also preserving in "binders" numerous local imprints and clippings, which cannot fail to prove most helpful to future historians of Richmond.

#### GIFTS AND BEQUESTS.

1. A full length portrait in oils of the late Joseph Bryan, so long the beloved President and benefactor of this Society, presented by his sons.

2. Five large photographs (framed, and almost of the same size as the originals) of: (1) Robert Bolling (1646-1709); (2) Robert Bolling (1682-1749); (3) Robert Bolling (1730-1775); (4) Robert Bolling (1759-1839—of "the Petersburg Bollings" branch of the family); and (5) Colonel William Heth of the "Continental Line"—all presented by their lineal descendant, Heth Lorton, esq., formerly of Virginia, now of "Matoa," Garden City, Long Island.

3. The original official appointment (Dec. 6, 1752) of John Maury as surveyor of lands in Prince William County, Virginia, signed by Colonel William Fairfax (cousin and agent of Thomas Lord Fairfax), who was Lieutenant of the County of

Fairfax and President of the Virginia Council—given to President McCabe by the late Charles H. Conover of Chicago, well known as an ardent “collector” and antiquarian, and presented by the former to the Society.

4. An old “whipping-strap,” used in early Colonial days in legal whippings at Gloucester, C. H., (Va.)—presented by W. B. Cridlin, esq., of this city

5. (1) A copy of the famous correspondence that passed between John Randolph of Roanoke and Mrs. Gouverneur Morris (Anne Cary Randolph), in which that sprightly and sarcastic dame got decidedly the better of her acrid kinsman; (2) a “broad-side” advertising Miss Hunneywell’s gallery of cuts and needlework; (3) a silhouette cut by Miss Hunneywell—presented by Miss Lucie P. Stone, Hollins, Virginia.

6. A framed photograph of the miniature of Patrick Henry painted by Laurence Sully in 1793—presented by the former owner of the miniature, John Syme Fleming, esq., of Richmond, together with various interesting documents relating to the original.

7. A photogravure of Trumbull’s portrait of Washington (now in Yale University), presented by the Secretary, William G. Stanard.

8. A steel engraving of Hon. Jefferson Davis, when Secretary of War of the United States—presented by Arthur L. Stearns, esq., of New York City.

9. A steel engraving (very rare) of General Robert E. Lee, executed by John Sartain—presented by Arthur L. Stearns, esq., of New York City.

10. An engraving of “Bathurst,” a very ancient residence in Essex County, Virginia—presented by Judge L. H. Jones, Louisville, Ky.

11. A large number of copies of “The National Intelligencer” (Washington, D. C.)—presented by R. L. Peyton, Esq., The Plains, Virginia.

#### PUBLICATIONS.

1. Volume XXIII of our (Quarterly) *Magazine* was published during the year, and, it is needless to add, was conducted



on the same high plane that historical students at home and abroad confidently look for in it, its accomplished editor steadily adhering to his settled purpose of printing (save in very rare instances) only original documents dealing with Virginia Colonial history.

2. The "*Minutes of the Council and General Court*" (1622-1627), transcribed from the originals in the Library of Congress by Mr. Lothrop Withington of London, have run through the year, but the untimely death of this generous friend and keen antiquarian (who perished in the dastardly and stupid destruction of the "*Lusitania*") rendered it necessary that provision should be promptly made for the uninterrupted continuation of this valuable series of documents, which, for the first time, have given historical students a detailed account of the intimate every-day life of the Colony. Under direction of the President of the Society, the Corresponding Secretary went to Washington, and, through the courteous permission of the Chief Librarian, had "photostat" copies made of a large portion of the original MS. This he is now transcribing and annotating, and the first instalment of his work is already in type for the January (1916) number of the Magazine. We may repeat here, without fear of successful contradiction, what was asserted in our Report of two years ago—that no printed document whatever dealing with early Colonial industrial and social life is of more solid and illumining value than these "Minutes."

3. The series of "*Abstracts*," by the late W. N. Sainsbury, as well as the "*Complete Transcripts*" from the originals in the British "Public Records Office" (now in the Virginia State Library and commonly known as the "DeJarnette," "Winder," and "McDonald" Papers) have regularly appeared in each number of the Magazine, covering the years 1677 and 1678. These latter instalments, it may here be noted, offer minute details of the very troublous period immediately following "Bacon's Rebellion."

4. The "*Council Papers*" (1698-1701), transcribed by our own copyist from the rare and long-forgotten MS volume, so entitled, in the Virginia State Library (which bears on the fly-leaf the inscription, "This Book begun by Mr. Benjamin Har-

rison, Clerk of ye Council in 1698") have also run through the year to the increasing delight of both the historical student and the idlest general reader. These "Papers," never before in print until published in our pages, constitute, in truth, a veritable "human document," containing, as they do, not only formal official communications, "instructions" and proclamations, but a wealth of personal letters vividly portraying the social and economic life of the Colonists.

5. We have also drawn largely during the year from the manuscript treasures of our own collections:

As worthy of especial note among the papers so published, we may mention: (1) Letters of Thomas Adams (brother of Col. Richard Adams, some of whose letters we published last year in our Magazine), which, dealing, as they do, with the trade between Virginia and the mother-country in the years immediately preceding the Revolution (1768-1775), must prove of distinct interest to economic students; (2) a series of "Letters and other Papers," which embrace as wide a range in subject-matter as they cover in time (1705-1829); chief among them being the letters from Edward Athawes, London Merchant, to "the Hon'ble John, Charles and Landon Carter, Esquires, in Rappahannock River, Virginia," relating to the consignments of tobacco, made to him from the estate of their nephew and ward, Robert Carter of "Nominy," at that time a minor, who was, later on, to be known as that "Councillor Carter," who has been so graphically portrayed for us by Philip Fithian in his delightful "Diary." The special value of these Athawes letters lies in the minute details they give as to the conditions at that time (1735) of the Virginia tobacco trade, then (as for many years before and after) the chief commercial business of the Colony. These are followed by a number of letters of considerable moment to Revolutionary students written to Col. Theodorick Bland (commanding the regiment guarding British prisoners in Albemarle Co., Va., 1779) by John Allen, Captain and Quartermaster; then (going back chronologically) a series of letters from Nathaniel Blackiston (formerly a Governor of Maryland, but, at the time, "Agent of Virginia and Maryland" in England) to Philip Ludwell (Second) of "Green-

spring," James City County, Va. (the uncompromising enemy of quarrelsome Governor Nicholson), mainly taken up with the political gossip "at home." More attractive still to the general reader, who finds his interest in social life and manners rather than in political or economic discussions, will prove the intimate family letters of Mrs. Lucy Ambler of "Morven," Fauquier Co., to her cousin, Mrs. Sallie Massie of Nelson Co., which portray in artless and lively fashion the busy life of the mistress of a Virginia plantation in the early part of the last century, and which, incidentally, give most abundant proof of the kindly, nay, affectionate, relations, that existed between master and servants (they were never called "slaves" by gentle-folk) in those brave old days. Their charm is no whit impaired by a variegated, not to say picturesque, orthography, which the most radical "Spelling Reformer" has never rivalled in his most daring aberrations from the norm. Nor do these eccentricities of orthography, even in a more exaggerated degree, detract from our keen interest in the letters of Mistress Elizabeth Beverley of "Blandfield," Essex Co. (sister of the Revolutionary statesman, Richard Bland of "Jordan's Point," Prince George County), evidently a "Colonial Dame" of masterful mind, who did not hesitate to score relentlessly her "grate relations" for not succoring her "Sis'r Munford" left in straitened circumstances. Other letters under this general title, treating of Colonial and Revolutionary matters, are equally readable.

6. Of special value is a series of papers entitled "*The Virginia Frontier in History, 1778*", contributed by Mr. David I. Bushnell, Jr. (a member of the Society), who has achieved high reputation as an expert in Indian history in the "Bureau of American Ethnology." It is the work of a trained specialist and contains many highly important documents transcribed by the writer from the archives of the Virginia State Library and the Library of Congress, that deal with the history of our frontier in 1778 and our relations with "the wily red-skins." Three instalments of this most valuable paper have been published (beginning with the April number of the Magazine) and the series is to be continued. It is admirably annotated throughout, and, when completed, should be presented in book

form as constituting a solid contribution to the early history of this commonwealth.

7. To the long list of historical "finds" that stand to our credit during recent and past years, we have added yet another of prime importance, which appeared in our July number under the title "*Acts, Orders and Resolutions of the General Assembly of Virginia, At Sessions of 1643-1646.*" These Acts and other "proceedings" (not printed in Hening, it is to be noted) are contained in a manuscript volume, which Mr. Charles F. McIntosh (an indefatigable antiquarian and member of this Society) discovered a short time ago while making researches in the Clerk's Office at Portsmouth, Virginia. Apprized of the "find", Dr. Henry R. McIlwaine, our alert and accomplished State Librarian (who is as keen in running down an old Virginia manuscript as ever was Sir Francis Drake in his roving quest of the treasure-ships of "Old Spain") went at once to Portsmouth in person, examined the precious, long-forgotten, volume and, having secured from the proper custodians permission to do so, brought back the book to Richmond, and had it copied by one of the trained scribes of the Library Staff, with the view of incorporating these "Acts" in any future collection of Virginia laws. But, as there seemed no prospect of publishing such a collection for some time to come, he most generously handed over his copy to our Editor for publication in the Magazine.

The Acts of the Session of March 1643, deal especially with the Second Indian War, an episode in our Colonial history of which very little has been, heretofore, known. There are also other "Acts" of no small importance, among them one (printed it is true, in Hening, but erroneously dated) entitled, "A Declaration concerning the Dutch War, 1647," which (pp. 244-246 of the Magazine) contains a very vigorous statement of Colonial rights in the matter "granted unto us by ancient charter."

Your Committee takes this occasion to make grateful acknowledgement of Dr. McIlwaine's courtesy, which affords additional evidence of his constant readiness to serve the interests of the Society, which in this instance are identical with "the good of the State."

8. Of noteworthy value to determined historical students may be also mentioned: (1) "Index to Brunswick County (Va.) Wills" (Letter H), which we owe to the industry of Mr. W. B. Cridlin of this city (a member of the Society) and which is to be continued by that painstaking antiquarian; (2) the continuation of "Animadversions on a Paper Entitulated Virginia Addresses, Printed in Philadelphia," a document prepared by the House of Burgesses during their quarrel with Governor Spotswood (1719), which we dealt with at length in our last Report; (3) "County Court Proceedings in Virginia, 1734," which contains some very amusing reading to the "layman," whatever its worth to the legal profession; (4) "Lists of Tithables of Pittsylvania County, year 1767," for which we are indebted to Mrs. N. E. Clement of Chatham, Virginia (a member of the Society), for whose valuable contributions to our Magazine we have often had occasion to express profound gratitude. These "Lists" give the number of acres of land owned by each resident in the county together with the names of the "tithables." It is greatly to be regretted that we have not similar lists for all the counties in this commonwealth, which, through close comparative study, would enable us to solve not a few vexed problems of our economic history;

(5) "Abstracts of Lists of Wills and Administrations from British Probate Courts," which have been published in our Magazine during the past twelve years (beginning January, 1903) under the title "Virginia Gleanings in England."

It would be idle for us to dwell again on the illumining sidelights shed on the social and economic life of our early Colonial era by these "Gleanings," so generously "compiled and presented" to the Society by our staunch friend, Mr. Lothrop Withington, of London. Repeatedly, year after year, have we made grateful acknowledgement to him of his unwearied labors. This alphabetical reference list to the entire series (which will prove a boon to all students of Virginia history) was also "compiled and presented" by Mr. Withington, and alas! is to be the last of the many kind services that he so ungrudgingly rendered the Society. *Finis opus coronat!*; (6) an artless, yet shrewd, and, we doubt not, veracious, description of Virginia

as it was in 1785, contained in a lengthy letter written by a young Irishman, John Joyce, to his uncle, the Rev. Robert Dickson, of Narrow Water near Newry, County Armagh. This most interesting letter was given to the Society many years ago by Governor John Letcher (Virginia's "War Governor") and according to tradition was found in Norfolk, Virginia, during the war of 1812. From certain allusions in this letter, Joyce was probably tutor in the family of Thomas Lomax of "Portobago Bay," on the Rappahannock. The letter has been admirably annotated by our Editor and forms most agreeable reading. It is amusing to see that the groans of the farmers over "unjust taxes" were as deep and dismal in 1785 as they are now, and, no doubt, will continue to be till the crack o'doom.

The Departments of "Notes and Queries," "Book-Reviews" and "Genealogy," have been conducted on the usual high plane. As regards the last-named department, it is pertinent to mention here that the general reader, who may care little for genealogy in itself, will find, on even a cursory glance, that many of these "genealogies" (comprising, as they do, wills, inventories and domestic letters) throw unexpected light on the social and economic history of the time, while affording most delightful and instructive reading. It is gratifying to recall that not a few men and women, who originally joined the Society for only a single year in order to receive the Magazine during the publication of some particular genealogy, have gradually become deeply interested in general Virginia history and are now reckoned among our most dependable subscribers. It seems, indeed, safe to say that a large proportion of our present membership had this origin.

1916.

Our Editor has already mapped out a most attractive programme for 1916.

The "*Minutes of the Council and General Court*" will continue through the whole year, as will also the "*Sainsbury Abstracts*" and "*Complete Transcripts*" from the originals in the

British Public Records Office, from 1677 on (known as the "DeJarnette," "Winder" and "McDonald" Papers.)

The "*Council Papers*" will be continued (and probably concluded) during the year.

Mr. David I. Bushnell, Jr., has kindly promised to contribute at least two more instalments of his most valuable monograph on "*The Virginia Frontier in History, 1778*," the previous sections of which have already excited wide-spread interest and commendation. Mrs. Clement's "*Pittsylvania Tithables*" and Mr. W. B. Cridlin's "*Index to Sussex County Wills*" (the last instalment of which appeared in 1913, Vol. XXI, pp. 269-276) will, both, be resumed and carried through to completion.

Most of our readers, no doubt, still cherish delightful recollections of the "Moravian Diaries of Travel through Virginia," translated from the German originals in the archives of the Moravian church at Bethlehem, Penn., by Rev. William J. Hinke, Ph. D., assisted by Mr. Charles E. Kemper of Washington, D. C. These "Diaries," minutely annotated by these two able scholars and acute antiquarians, of the brave and pious Moravian Missionaries, who came from Pennsylvania to the Western portion of this Colony about the middle of the eighteenth century (1748 on), contain vivid pictures of the rude settlers among whom they labored, and, when presented to the reading public in our pages (where they appeared for the first time in English), were, everywhere and at once, recognized as a contribution of prime import to a more precise knowledge of the influence of the German element in the settlement of many Virginia counties, notably in the settlement of "the Valley."

Dr. Hinke has now translated (from a copy of the original in the "City Library" of Berne), the "Report of the Journey of Francis Louis Michel from Berne, Switzerland, to Virginia, Oct. 2nd, 1701—Dec. 1st, 1792." This "Report," carefully annotated by the translator, will appear for the first time in English guise in the pages of our Magazine for the coming year. The first instalment will be printed in our January (1916) number, accompanied by a very curious map (on a reduced scale) drawn by Michel himself. The traveller also left a series of sketches of such ancient historic buildings as the first

College of William and Mary, the Virginia State House, Old Bruton Church, of the Indians and their houses etc., all of which will appear as illustrative of the text, as it appears in successive instalments.

A close investigation recently made by our Corresponding Secretary and Editor, disclosed the fact that only about twenty-nine of the one hundred and forty letters contained in the "Letter-Book" (1683-1691) of Captain William Byrd (father of the more celebrated Col. William Byrd of Westover) had been printed in Maxwell's "Historical Register" (I, 60, 114; II, 78, 203). Mr. Maxwell (*nomen venerabile!*) appears to have selected at random those that he decided to print from the little MS volume that has been for so many years in our possession. However, some of the "curious" may recall that those that he did print excited at the time very lively attention, and our Editor, finding these unpublished ones no whit inferior in interest to those already given to the public, has decided to print (beginning, probably, with our April number) the entire collection until completed.

While our lamented friend, Mr. Lothrop Withington, left unfinished much of the work which he had proposed doing for the Society in the matter of "Abstracts" from British Wills relating to Virginia and Virginians, he yet left with us (on the eve of his faring on his last fateful voyage) a very considerable number of completed abstracts, which will enable us to carry on the series of "Virginia Gleanings in England" for some time to come. As repeatedly dwelt on by us in Report after Report (and as touched upon above), these abstracts throw such light (direct and indirect) on the character of Virginia immigrants and on their social and industrial life, that it is earnestly to be hoped that some enthusiastic antiquarian over seas may still be found to continue this part, at least, of Mr. Withington's manifold activities in furthering the aims of this Society.

The publication of letters and documents relating to our Revolutionary soldiers and to Virginia matters during, and immediately subsequent to, that momentous struggle, will be continued.



The "Book-Reviews," "Notes and Queries" and "Genealogy" will, of course, be carried on with the same conscientious care as heretofore. For this last department, we have been fortunate enough to secure from Dr. J. Hall Pleasants of Baltimore, Md. (a member of the Society) a series of contributions that we are confident will be found of special historical value, as well as of marked interest to the general reader. Taking as his text (so to speak) the children (immigrants to Virginia) of the Rev. John Gorsuch, an aggressive and fearless "Royalist" parson, and of Anne, his wife, daughter of Sir William Lovelace and sister of Richard Lovelace, prince of "Cavalier Poets," Dr. Pleasants has through painstaking investigations, both here and in England, established kinship of these children with a group of famous Kentish "Worthies," who exercised a commanding influence on early Virginia colonization. Included in this group are names that still stir the blood of Virginians "to the manner born"—Sir Edwin Sandys, George Sandys, Sir Francis Wyatt, and of an earlier date, Christopher Carlisle, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Sidney, Walsingham, and the Earl of Essex. The inherent value of Dr. Pleasants' printed pages will be still further enhanced by the insertion in the text of a number of illustrations—photographs of family portraits, old churches, monuments etc.—which this delightful antiquarian secured during his various pilgrimages to England.

It is pertinent to suggest here that a "General Index" to our Magazine is greatly needed. The demand for it comes again and again to us from busy historical students, but such an undertaking is at present beyond the means of the Society.

If a sufficient number of subscribers to such a volume could be secured beforehand, it would be feasible at the close of 1917 to publish a general index covering the twenty-five volumes of our Magazine. Subscriptions may be sent to our Secretary.

Your Committee, while recording here, as is only just, its high sense of the industry and fidelity of the whole working staff of the Society, desires to mark in an especial manner its deep appreciation of the unwearied labors of our Corresponding Secretary, who by his learning, critical acumen and literary skill has achieved for our Magazine an assured position among

the foremost of like historical publications at home and abroad—steadily maintaining its prestige, as the years go by, until today it is everywhere quoted as definitive “authority” by all students who deal with Virginia history.

It is pleasant to record in this connection that the ancient foundation of “William and Mary” has during the year, in recognition of his learning and devotion to letters, conferred upon him her highest (and rarely accorded) degree of “Doctor of Laws.”

#### NECROLOGY.

##### LIFE MEMBERS.

JUDGE THEODORE S. GARNETT, Norfolk, Virginia.

##### ANNUAL MEMBERS.

MAJOR JOHN P. BRANCH, Richmond, Virginia.

JAMES N. BOYD, Richmond, Virginia.

LUCAS BRODHEAD, Versailles, Kentucky.

MRS. F. M. BOYKIN, Richmond, Virginia.

COMMANDER M. B. BUFORD, U. S. N., Paris, France.

C. B. BRYANT, Martinsville, Virginia.

ALEXANDER CAMERON, Richmond, Virginia.

BRIG.-GENERAL C. C. C. CARR, U. S. A., Chicago, Illinois.

HON. HOLMES CONRAD, Winchester, Virginia.

JACOB HEFFLEFINGER, Hampton, Virginia.

ROBERT L. PARRISH, JR., Covington, Virginia.

L. R. WARREN, Richmond, Virginia.

HON. JOSEPH E. WASHINGTON, Wessyngton, Tennessee.

DR. JOHN F. WINN, Richmond, Virginia.

LOTHROP WITHINGTON, London, England.

This is next to the longest “Necrology” that we have ever had to record in the history of the Society.

Not a few of the names embraced in the sad roll are of those who were not only men of distinction in their respective communities and states, but conspicuous for their talents and high personal and civic virtues throughout the whole country.

During recent years, it has been usual for the President to sketch in outline the careers of our deceased members, but so long is the present mournful roll that it is manifestly impossible,

within the limits at his command, for him to do this in every case for the current year. In not a few cases, indeed, lack of intimate personal knowledge would alone forbid such an attempt, for the mere conventional notice always rings false and not only defeats its well-meant purpose, but, oftentimes, does grave injustice to the dead.

Yet, surely, it is only becoming that in the "Minutes" of the Society there should be some record, however halting, of those who were not only knit to us by ties of long and intimate friendship, but whose loyalty to this association never wavered when our skies were not so bright as they are to-day

Foremost among these is Judge Theodore S. Garnett of Norfolk, the only name, indeed, stricken from the roll of Life Membership, yet a loss of such grievous import to the community and commonwealth, to the profession and to the ancient communion to which he belonged, as well as to a large circle of kinsmen, comrades, and friends, that it is difficult to speak of this daring soldier, learned jurist and humble-minded christian, this most lovable and most loyal of friends, save in terms which to those who did not enjoy the privilege of his intimate friendship must savor of rhetorical extravagance.

But in this presence, at least, where so many of you knew him as he was, one need not fear that imputation. The misgiving is, rather, that you will deem the outline blurred by excess of caution and repression.

Living slightly beyond the Psalmist's limit of three score years and ten, his career was a busy and beneficent one to the end, and though, speaking with rigorous exactness, it was in the main uneventful, yet not a few honors came to him as the years went by, and, as he himself loved most to remember, in "the May of youth and bloom of lustihood" he had known many a "crowded hour of glorious life," and had, on field of battle, won the plaudits of grizzled veterans ere the down was on his cheek. So strenuous indeed was his life from early boyhood, that it is not possible to set down here more than a mere outline of its varied activities.

Briefly then, THEODORE STANFORD GARNETT, JR., was born in Richmond, Virginia, on October 28th, 1844, son and namesake

of Theodore S. Garnett, an able civil engineer, and of his wife, Florentina Isidora Moreno of Pensacola, daughter of Francisco Moreno and grand-daughter of Fernando Moreno, of an ancient Spanish family, who had migrated from Malaga to Florida, and settled there, while as yet it was a province of "Old Spain."

As a lad of ten, his parents, at the time, living in the county of Hanover, he entered the famous "Episcopal High School" near Alexandria (of which he was destined in after years to become one of the "Trustees") and there remained until the outbreak of the "War Between the States."

Virginia having seceded on April 17th, 1861, young Garnett (true to the instincts of his martial blood on both sides of his house) hastened back to his country home and at once enlisted as a private soldier in the light battery that was then being formed by that gallant old soldier, Captain (afterwards Colonel) William Nelson—a battery that was destined in the impending struggle to win great glory under the name of the "Hanover Artillery."

The necessary quota of men was rapidly made up and the company, forthwith, marched to Richmond to be mustered in. There the lad's military ardor met an unexpected check. He was but sixteen and a half years old and looked much younger, so, despite his almost passionate pleading, the enrolling officer refused to accept him. In desperation, and much aggrieved, "The." (as he was always affectionately called by his intimates), along with two other youthful companions who had been similarly rejected, sought out General Robert E. Lee, who, as "Military Adviser" to President Davis, was occupying at the time as his head-quarters a small one-story building that had been hastily constructed within the "Capitol Square." General Lee, always kindly and accessible to young folk, and who, besides, knew Garnett's "people", listened patiently to the boyish trio, but proved as inexorable as the hard-hearted mustering-officer: "Go back to your homes, my boys, and wait a little. We shall need you later on," was his answer to their eager pleas—almost identical, as to words, with his firm refusal to his own son, Robert (exactly a year older than "The."), who was

"wild" to enlist in the early days of '61. So, Garnett sadly went his way, and, in default of anything better, accepted gladly a clerkship in the "Navy Department," offered him by the Hon. Stephen R. Mallory, who was Secretary of the Navy in Mr. Davis's Cabinet and who had married a sister of "The.s" mother. With this he had to be content for over eighteen months, but the longed-for chance was close at hand, and he owed it to the fact that he wrote a fine and fast and flowing hand. Stuart having asked the Secretary if he could recommend to him as clerk at his headquarters some trustworthy young man, who wrote a "rapid and distinct hand" (the latter he especially insisted on), the kind uncle, who had watched the lad fretting over "being in a bomb-proof" and who sympathized with his longing to be with his brother and other near kinsmen yonder at the front, recommended his nephew for the coveted billet, and "The.," having promptly enlisted (in June, 1863) in the "Essex Troop (Co. F, 9th Va. Cavalry), was straightway detailed by Stuart as a clerk at his headquarters. At last he had his heart's desire, nay, even more than that, for he had never dreamed of such luck as serving under the immediate eye of the great cavalry leader.

Stuart from the first took a great fancy to the handsome youngster, who was modest and anxious to please, while his penmanship, even at that early age, was distinguished for its beauty and legibility, as one may see who cares to examine the original of one of Stuart's "Official Reports" now on file in the Archives of the "Confederate Museum" in this city, which is entirely in Garnett's handwriting.

But better things were to come. In that vigorous campaign of '63, the headquarters of the Cavalry Corps, except for rare intervals, was "in the saddle," and Stuart who saw everything, observing with an approving eye the eager valor of his young scribe, who seemed to be quite as ready with sword as with pen when occasion demanded, soon began to count on his alert intelligence and cool courage in carrying orders, and Garnett speedily became one of his most trusted "couriers."

You will find his name in the small list of "couriers" mentioned for gallantry by Stuart in his "Official Report of the

Gettysburg Campaign." This eager valor in the *mêlée* and ready efficiency in office-work were, in no long time, to be still further rewarded, for in February of '64, Stuart recommended that he be commissioned first-lieutenant of cavalry, and on March 11th announced him in "General Orders" as his personal aide-de-camp.

From that time on, Garnett was always to be found riding hard by the bridle-rein of our "Rupert of the South," whom it is no exaggeration to declare he fairly worshipped with all the intensity of his generous boyish heart.

But alas! he was not destined long so to ride, for exactly sixty days from the time when he had been officially announced as his "A. D. C.," came that fateful May-evening yonder at "Yellow Tavern," when Stuart received his mortal wound, while barring the way to the Confederate capital with a mere handful of his veteran horsemen, who, inspired, as it were, by their youthful leader's splendid audacity, hurled back (though the odds were easily four to one) the desperate onslaught of Sheridan's bold troopers seeking to pierce the "inner lines" of the "Richmond Defences."

The city was, indeed, saved, but at a cost second only to the price paid for victory at "Chancellorsville," where (one year before almost to the day) Jackson had fallen, and Stuart had been chosen by Lee as fittest to take his place in the tumult of the wavering combat.

As his aide-de-camp, Garnett was one of the three staff-officers who bore their stricken chief to this city, where he quietly passed away the next evening.

To the day of his death, though fifty years and more had passed, Garnett could never speak, without a sob in his voice, of that last scene, when his brilliant young chief (he was but thirty-one) breathed out his heroic soul. The same was true of Major Andrew Reid Venable, another of the staff-officers who bore him from the field, though Venable had stayed with him but a few brief moments and had then galloped back to the front.

It may interest some of you to know that this scene, so feelingly portrayed by our Virginia novelist, John Esten Cooke,

in his "Mohun," is based entirely on a long letter written to Cooke (who was also on the Cavalry Head-quarter Staff, but not present) by Garnett in 1868. Garnett's letter, the original of which Cooke returned to him and which, later on, he gave to his life-long friend, Joseph Bryan, President of this Society, is even more touching in its boyish grief, than the page from the "practiced" pen of the accomplished man-of-letters. "Everyone of us," he ends, "was in tears. We had lost our father, our brother, our friend, our beloved General."

On Stuart's death, Garnett's commission as "A. D. C." lapsed, but he was immediately re-commissioned first-lieutenant of cavalry in the "Provisional Army of the Confederate States" and assigned to the staff of Major-General William H. F. Lee, with whom he served during the rest of that wondrous campaign of '64, reckoned by competent military critics as the greatest that Lee ever waged.

Early in the brief, but tragic, campaign of '65, he was promoted Captain and transferred, as "Assistant-Adjutant-General," to the Staff of Brigadier William P. Roberts of North Carolina, an enterprising and daring young cavalry officer, under whom he served until the "Surrender" at Appomattox C. H.

This ended his active career as a soldier, but a soldier in heart and in outward bearing he remained to the end. His martial port, his rather swarthy complexion, inherited, no doubt, from his Spanish ancestry, his firm-set jaw, which not even the heavy beard could conceal, his quick, decisive, tread and ringing voice, all proclaimed him a veteran even to the most careless eye. In truth, t'was in the blood. His mother's Castilian ancestors had been soldiers in Spain, while on his father's side his kinsmen had won distinction in every war waged since the settlement of the Colony—in the French and Indian wars, in the Revolution, in the War of 1812, and in Mexico. Above all, he was proud to remember that in the great struggle in which he himself had borne honorable part, the name of these kinsmen had been legion—all capable and valorous soldiers—not least among them, his close cousins, General Robert Selden Garnett, who yielded up his life in the

very first year of the war at Carrick's Ford, and General Richard Brooke Garnett, who fell at the head of his brigade in Pickett's immortal charge on the third day at "Gettysburg."

Yet, however martial in outward seeming, Garnett himself was, in reality, one of the gentlest, the most gracious, and most lovable of men, and though God had given him the heart of a lion, He had also given him the heart of a little child.

In the autumn of 1865, scraping together such meagre funds as his immediate family could give him, he entered the Law School of the University of Virginia. Sprung as well from a long line of jurists and statesmen, as of soldiers, it was only natural that he should turn to the law as a profession. But, beyond that, it is certain that he was influenced in his choice by the advice of his brother, between whom and himself there existed a singularly deep devotion. This brother, James Mercer Garnett, who had taken a brilliant M. A. degree at the University, had at the outbreak of the war, enlisted as a private soldier in the famous "Rockbridge Battery," and, rising to the grade of Captain of Artillery in '62, had served gallantly as Divisional Ordnance Officer on the staff of the lamented Rodes, and, after the heroic death of that officer at Winchester in September '64, on the staff of Major-General Bryan Grimes to the end. James Garnett, in obedience to his scholarly instincts, having resolved in '65 to make teaching his life-work, had decided to re-enter the University (in which, later on, he was destined to become full professor) as a simple "Licentiate in Ancient Languages," and we may be sure that this decision had much to do with solving "The"'s knotty problem as to his own future profession.

And, just here, it is not only pertinent, but, indeed, necessary, even in so slight a sketch as this, that we should pause and consider the unique conditions that existed at the University during the two sessions ('65-'66 and '66-'67), when Garnett was attending lectures there in the Law School

To essay this may seem to some an irrelevant excursus, but this is far from true. We must know something of his environment during those years that ushered in his formal manhood, if we would know the man himself.



As the conditions that existed were unique, equally unique was the "atmosphere" they created—an "atmosphere" which the youthful student drank in with full lungs and which inspired in him those lofty ideals as to the conduct of life that were to inform well-nigh every act and utterance of his maturer years. Never before and never since have there been two such sessions in the history of the great institution, which is the pride of the commonwealth and of the whole South. It was a veritable era of "plain living and high thinking." The state, harried by four years of devastating war, lay prostrate and could extend but meagre help to "the child of Jefferson's old age." Everywhere were the outward signs of what is called "poverty," but it was the "poverty," which the great Greek tragedian, in a well-known fragment, calls "the stern parent who breeds the more strenuous sons, better fitted for the strife of life." Beside such "poverty"—the "*pauperies nitida*" of the Roman poet—the smug luxury of the rich foundations of this commercial age seems mean and tawdry.

Never was there gathered within "the well-remembered gates of Alma Mater" such a band of determined students, a very large proportion of them, though young in years, veterans of Lee's army, who every day went to class in their faded old uniforms, making merry over the silly order of the military satrap who at the time reigned over "District No. 1" (as "the Mother of Presidents" was then designated), requiring them (and all other old soldiers) to cover carefully the military buttons on their "fighting jackets." Richard Coeur de Lion was still "in every bush!" No doubt, the "District Commander" (they soliloquized) was an ass, to descend to such pettiness—but let it go!—as for themselves, they had no time to give to him and his covering of buttons.

The perils and privations they had undergone had sobered them beyond their years, yet, withal, they were a cheerful set, full of health and vigor (save in a few cases) and touched with a natural exaltation at the thought that they had done their duty as good soldiers (as was attested by the many honorable wounds they could count among them), that they had stuck to "Ole Mars' Robert" to the last and "seen the thing through;"

and now here they were, safe and sound, with still a fighting chance to retrieve, in some measure, the educational sacrifices that they had cheerfully made for hearth and home and country.

Optimism disdained to "consider too curiously" the very palpable "*res angusta*." They wanted so little, that they felt that they still had much. Even if things were ill to-day, it should not be so to-morrow. Hadn't Horace said the identical, thing nearly two thousand years ago?

\* \* \* Non, si male nunc, et olim

Sic erit.

And, so, they buckled afresh to their tasks with hearts as high as when they charged with Stuart at Aldie or went up the slopes of "Cemetery Ridge."

Never before was the tie so close between professors and students, for it was the tie of comradeship, than which none on earth is stronger. The professorial staff was, indeed, small, but it was of the first order. Many of its members had been trained in the best universities at home and abroad, and, fired by unselfish devotion to their state and a proper pride in their calling, they gave without stint the best that was in them to their pupils, quite content to share the common lack and to labor for the most meagre stipend.

Some changes had, indeed, come about in the personnel of the Faculty since the University had practically closed its doors in '62 and been turned into a hospital, but they were not many.

Albert Taylor Bledsoe, Professor of Mathematics (who had been at West Point with Jefferson Davis and been appointed by him, at the outbreak of hostilities, Assistant Secretary of War) had, it is true, resigned his chair and gone his way to Baltimore to edit the "Southern Review" and to write his famous book, "Is Davis a Traitor?," which carried consternation into the ranks of Radical demagogues, who had been clamoring for President Davis's blood, and which, by its inexorable logic and wealth of constitutional learning, drove the reluctant law-officers of the Government to advise the dismissal of the indictments against the Confederate Executive. Mr. Davis was never tried, because the Federal Government was afraid to try him.

But Bledsoe's chair had been taken by Colonel Charles Scott Venable, a brilliant mathematician trained in Germany, whose martial face and figure were familiar on every battle-field to old soldiers, who knew him as one of Lee's most alert and daring staff-officers.

Lewis Minor Coleman, Professor of Latin (the gentle scholar, whom some of us (the lingering few) still hold fast in our "heart of heart") had fallen mortally wounded amid his blackened guns in the moment of victory on the snow-clad heights of "Fredericksburg," lieutenant-colonel of the "First Virginia Artillery"—but in his place came in '66 William E. Peters (also trained in Germany), who, as colonel of the 21st Virginia Cavalry, had fallen desperately wounded in the fierce cavalry combat at "Moorefield" and been left for dead on that sanguinary field.

Yet another there is of these "fighting professors," who should find mention here—Basil L. Gildersleeve, now of the "Johns Hopkins University," the greatest "Grecian" of our time and one of the greatest scholars of any time—long since so recognized both in Germany and in England—who, still limping heavily from the grievous wound, received in "the Valley" while serving on John B. Gordon's staff, might be seen daily making his way to his lecture-room, where he expounded more brilliantly than ever to his eager class, out of his own experiences in the field, the varying fortunes of the Peloponnesian War, as set down in the matchless pages of Thucydides, elucidating many a puzzling bit of strategy by apt illustrations drawn from the recent contest, in which professor and pupils had alike borne honorable part as tried comrades. Not seldom, too, would this great scholar relax for a brief space his inexorable syntactical "grilling" and enliven the close of the lecture-hour by reading aloud (the reading punctured by tumultuous applause) his own exquisite and inspiring translations of the marching-songs of Tyrtaeus, the rush of whose swift anapests recalled to his delighted hearers the lilt of their own war-songs, which they had sung it seemed but yesterday to the rhythmic beat of tramping feet, as they swung down the "Valley Pike" under "Old Stonewall."

Others among the instructors had also served their state in arms, but we may not pause longer to make mention of them.

In the law-class with Garnett, what a bed-roll, had we but time to call it!

John W. Daniel, still on his crutches (as he was to the last day of his brilliant career) from the frightful wound he had received at the "Wilderness" in '64, and Thomas S. Martin, who, too young to enter the army until the last year of the war, had yet seen active service in the Cadet Corps of the "Virginia Military Institute," sat beside him on the rude wooden benches—both of them destined to represent Virginia for many years in the Senate of the United States. There too, of scarcely less note in after years, sat the brilliant Upshur Dennis of Maryland, Lunsford Lomax Lewis of Rockingham (afterwards on the Bench of the Supreme Court of Virginia), and Edward Christian Minor, who had lost his arm in a Cavalry skirmish at Luray in "the Valley"—all destined to become judges of note, who did honor to the ermine.

Other future judges there were among these class-mates of Garnett's (who himself became judge), and, in addition, a surprising number of men who in after years attained notable distinction in their profession—among them—William H. White, who, be it noted, had taken part as a "V. M. I." cadet in the thrice-glorious battle of "Newmarket") and who became, later on, Garnett's law-partner in a firm whose high reputation extended far beyond the boundaries of their native state.

One cannot resist the temptation to set down here that his most intimate friend (not however in the Law School) was the late Joseph Bryan (so long the beloved President of this Society), his old chum at the "Episcopal High School," who had been twice wounded while serving as a simple trooper under the dashing Mosby. Another of these intimates (also in the "Academic Department") was the lovable and talented Frank Preston of Lexington, who, like Minor, had lost an arm in battle ("brave old Frank with the empty sleeve!") and who, after a brilliant record for headlong valor in the field, and an equally brilliant record for exquisite scholarship in the universities at home and in Germany, was struck down by fell disease in the full flush of his young manhood.

Was there ever a nobler, a more inspiring, chapter in the educational history of any people! It is a chapter unwritten before, so far as is known to us, and written here only in part. But, such as it is, we hold that it finds a fitting place in the proceedings of this Society, whose aim and purpose it is to preserve and transmit to posterity the veracious record of Virginia's glory, not alone in Colonial and Revolutionary times, but down through all the centuries, culminating in those heroic days of '61-'65, when our Mother attained what future ages will haply hold the supreme height of her great renown.

In 1867, Garnett took his B. L. degree and "offered for practice," as the saying used to be, in Warrenton, Virginia, meanwhile supporting himself, until the coveted clients should come, by "taking classes" in a private school. As nearly the whole adult population of Warrenton, at the time, consisted of lawyers, and as there was but a limited number of clients, Garnett in 1869 left that charming town (which has preserved more of the fine old distinctive traditions of ante-bellum days than any place known to us) and moved to Norfolk, but in the same year began practice in the near-by town of Suffolk. His practice was good and remunerative from the start, and his personal popularity such, that in 1870 he was elected "County Judge" of Nansemond. This office he held for three years, when he voluntarily relinquished it in 1873 and returned to Norfolk, where he formed a partnership with the brilliant William H. White, now "President of the Richmond, Fredricksburg & Potomac Railroad." There he continued in active practice until his death.

Inadequate as is this sketch, it would be still more imperfect, did we fail to make mention of the absorbing interest that he took in all "Confederate activities." As is well known, the prime purposes of these Confederate organizations were (and are) to render substantial help to such old comrades as, incapacitated by disease or wounds, were unable to "make a living;" next, to "keep the record straight" by driving out of the public-schools the text-books dealing with the war, which at that time were crammed with the most brazen perversions of historical truth; and, lastly, to foster old ties of comradeship by monthly meetings of the local "camps" (as they are called)

and by "Grand Reunions," annually, of a certain number of delegates from these local organizations.

To a man of his warm and generous temperament, who, in addition, disdained to the last to be "reconstructed," these activities appealed irresistibly, and he threw himself into them with an ardor characteristic of the man. At all the great "Reunions", both of the "Grand Camp of Virginia" and of the "United Confederate Veterans," his was always a prominent figure. He especially delighted in the "Re-Unions of the Cavalry Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia," and would lay aside his business and travel many miles to attend them. As a staff-officer of Stuart's, he knew personally all the officers and well-nigh all the men of that immortal band of "Rough Riders." And if he delighted to come, his comrades of all arms of the service were ten-fold more delighted to welcome him. He had a gracious heartiness of manner, with never a touch of condescension to the humblest of them, that made them "swear by him." He was always "Captain The.," or, oftener, "Old The.," to them, while his own affectionate greeting of these old comrades leapt from his eyes ere the lips could form the words. Not only was he one of the simplest and most genial of men, but he was possessed of a marvelous memory as to intimate incidents of the past events in which they had all shared. Besides, he was an admirable *raconteur*, modest as to the part that he himself had played, but ever enthusiastic in his generous praise of those—no matter whether officer or private—who had proved themselves good soldiers in the brave old days they had met to recall.

In the great organization, known as the "United Confederate Veterans" (which, let us thank God, unlike certain other organizations elsewhere, has kept itself, thus far, uncontaminated by politics), honor after honor came to him—unsolicited, we need not say. In 1900, he was placed in command of the first Brigade of the "Virginia Division," with the rank of Brigadier-General; in 1906, he was promoted to the command of the "Virginia Division," with the rank of Major-General; and in 1912, was still further promoted to command the "Department of Virginia," with the rank of Lieutenant-General. It may have

been, as some of us old soldiers have always thought, ill-advised on the part of the organization to have created such high-sounding military titles, but, in any event, that such posts of dignity and responsibility should have been accorded him, evidences the great regard and affection in which he was held by these old comrades, who had seen him tested in the actual dust and sweat of battle.

Other honors of a different kind also came to him as the years went by. He was made Trustee (as we have seen) of his old school, and also of the "Virginia Theological Seminary"; a member of the (Virginia) "State Library Board," and was elected into the "Alpha Chapter" (at William and Mary College) of "Phi Beta Kappa."

So busy was his life as a lawyer in active practice, that the literary output he has left behind him is meagre, but he was an eloquent and persuasive speaker and his oration pronounced at the unveiling of the equestrian statue of his great chief at Richmond was of very high order of merit both from a military and literary point of view. This was expanded later into a more elaborate monograph and published in New York in 1907.

He was, of course, a member of the "Virginia" and also of the "American" "Bar Associations."

On April 27th, 1915, he passed away in the midst of his family, who simply adored him, mourned in no common measure by his community, his state that he loved so passionately, and by countless friends and comrades throughout the whole country.

By right of birth, he had inherited the highest and best traditions of Virginia's "Golden Age," and he never once, from youth to gracious old age, forgot the "*noblesse oblige*" of his blood.

Three great influences shaped his career—his experiences in the field—the high and heroic "atmosphere" of his college life, and, above all, his unquestioning Christian faith. Of the first two of these have we spoken. Of the third, abashed in spirit, we dare not speak at all.

But fortunately there is one—his old comrade, his old pastor, his loyal kinsman—who can on this point speak with "authority."

In a notice of his death, which appeared anonymously in the "Southern Churchman" of June 19, 1915, though known to be written by his life-long friend, Bishop Beverley Dandridge Tucker, of the Diocese of Southern Virginia—a notice of singular beauty and power—occur these closing words, which may fitly form the conclusion of this halting tribute to this noble gentleman:

"Back of all that he was and all that he did was the strength and the inspiration which come only from communion with God. He served the Lord Christ with the same simplicity and the same whole-heartedness with which he had served his State. He walked humbly with God—and he is not (that is, not here on earth), because God took him. His memory and the example of his life abide, and are a part of the heritage which comes to Virginia from a long line of true and chivalric sons."

Turning to the death-roll of our "Annual Members," those of us who are citizens of Richmond, cannot fail to mark with poignant sorrow how many of our towns-people, knit to us by ties of long personal association, are included in the dread list—of three of whom we can make but bare mention for lack of specific information: Mrs. F. M. Boykin, a gracious woman of high intelligence, well-known both in society and in the humbler circle of the hapless poor, who will keenly miss the generous largess of her silent benefactions; the amiable and engaging L. R. Warren; and the learned and accomplished specialist, Dr. John F. Winn.

Three others there are in the list, who to the very end of their strenuous careers held so commanding a position in the financial, industrial, and social life of the city, and who were ever such potent factors in its moral and economic development, that, even if no printed memorial were left of them, a great tradition of their forceful personalities and of their splendid services would be certain to endure long after most of us shall resolve into a mere handful of dust.

But, as you all know, such printed memorials do exist, and that too in great volume, written by sympathetic and competent hands, and it would be, indeed, like gilding refined gold or painting the lily for us to attempt to add aught to the just



eulogies pronounced by them upon these dear friends in the first poignancy of the city's grief.

Yet, passing over, as being thus familiar to most of you, the details of their varied activities, it may, perhaps, be allowed us to set down in these "Minutes" a few bald facts in their respective careers and to add some not impertinent reminiscences drawn from long and intimate friendship with these illustrious citizens.

First, in order of their "passing," is our old friend, MAJOR JOHN PATTESON BRANCH.

He was born in Petersburg, Virginia, December 9th, 1830, son of Thomas Branch and of Sarah Pride Read, his wife, and seventh in descent from Christopher Branch and Mary, his wife, who migrated to Virginia in the good ship, "London Merchant," in 1619-20. You will find the story of his thrifty, God-fearing, forebears for well-nigh three centuries all set down in the delightful pages of the volume entitled "*Branchiana*," compiled by his great-nephew, James Branch Cabell, who enjoys the distinction, well-nigh unique in letters, of being at once a brilliant novelist and an accurate, painstaking, genealogist.

He received a sound education from a sound old schoolmaster (who would have been horrified, if designated by the hideous name of "*educator*"), but he had always been a delicate lad, and, suffering a "break-down" just at the time when he should have entered Randolph-Macon College (of which institution he was, in after years, to become a "Trustee," LL.D., and most munificent benefactor), he entered the counting-house of his father, who was both commission-merchant and banker, besides being Mayor of the staunch little town on the Appomattox.

There he remained until the storm of war broke in April, 1861, when he at once enlisted in the "44th Virginia Battalion" of infantry, commanded by the gallant Fletcher Archer, who had won laurels in Mexico as a valorous youth, and who was again to prove himself an admirable soldier despite his years.

In this command, young Branch rose to be first-lieutenant, but it was not long before his characteristic energy, native shrewdness and fine administrative ability attracted the favor-

able notice of his superiors, and he was soon transferred, with added rank, to the Quarter-Master Department, where he rendered most valuable and efficient service to the end.

At the close of the war, he rejoined his father in business and in banking in Petersburg, and in 1871 accompanied him to this city, whither the elder Branch had determined to transfer his rapidly expanding mercantile and banking interests. In that year, Thomas Branch established here the "Merchants' National Bank," and, on his death in 1881, the son succeeded him.

Of his commercial and financial successes, solid and brilliant as they were, we do not propose to speak, nor yet of his religious and philanthropic activities. As already indicated, these have been set down at length elsewhere by those better equipped for the pious task than we can pretend to be. They have told us in specific detail of his splendid benefactions to the poor, to the church, to education, and of his equally splendid achievements in finance—and, as well, of his commanding energy and unerring sagacity in shaping and guiding to full fruition numberless activities looking to the social betterment of his fellow-men.

For ourselves, we love best to think of him (and, in the main, to speak of him) simply as of an old friend, whom we knew long and well, in days of sunshine and of storm—one who is forever associated in heart and brain with others of his time, whose forms and faces we shall see no more save in happy dreams.

Of the few personal recollections here offered, some of them, perchance, may seem so trivial as to border on flippancy, but they are none the less characteristic, and find their place in any veracious picture of the man as he moved among us.

What struck one as especially distinctive of the man was his immense capacity for mastering the details of any subject that interested him. Like all "born financiers," he possessed quick imagination and, after mastering the details, he intuitively saw the meaning hidden beneath the mass of minutiae, and acted promptly, while other men, seeing nothing, dallied and doubted. He not only had this capacity, but he had a distinct fondness for details, and that, too, quite as much in matters of purely personal import as in financial problems. He thought with Pope that "the proper study of mankind is man," and often

in conversation he would propound about men and about incidents innumerable questions that betokened, no doubt, to many merely an idle curiosity. He was quite aware of what was thought. Some of us, who knew him well enough to "chaff" him, would sometimes laughingly say to him that his inquisitiveness was as great as his acquisitiveness, and he would laugh back and accept the friendly quip with great good humor. But, in truth, it was no idle curiosity. Oftener than not, he was weighing in his mind whether some plausible appeal made to his generosity was really a deserving one, and he was thus seeking by what old Polonius calls "assays of bias" to resolve his doubt.

In matters of opinion he was one of the most tolerant of men. Yet he held most decided views on all "burning questions" that arose in community, state or nation, and had a most original and incisive manner of stating what he held to be the truth in the matter. Nor was he ever backward in giving utterance to his convictions. He practiced with fearless vigor what Archbishop Whately preached: "It is not enough to believe what you maintain. You must maintain what you believe, and maintain it because you believe it."

But opposition excited not a scintilla of resentment in his bosom, and, if the arguments adduced by those who held different views seemed sound to him, he was never ashamed to change his mind.

Yet, in the main, like most men who "do their own thinking," as the homely phrase hath it, he was tenacious of opinion. He was absolutely independent of judgement in the bestowal of his charities, great and small. He gave, not because other people gave, or because other people thought that he ought to give. He investigated personally the cases of his smaller charities, whenever possible, and his munificent benefactions were the result of most careful pondering. But it must be added that, nine times out of ten, he decided that he ought to give, and he gave, then, with a lavish hand.

Like most men of original mind, he cared little for "precedent" or any so-called "authority"—always excepting in matters of religion. There, as has already been set down, he held the Bible, from cover to cover, to be the inspired word of God

and he accepted it, from first line to last, with the meek submission of a little child and a simple faith that knew no turning.

In social life, he was one of the most genial and kindly and companionable of men. He belonged to all the clubs, but he very rarely went to them. He was at his best in his own home, where he constantly dispensed a gracious and profuse hospitality. He was an admirable talker, his conversation being marked by great shrewdness of observation dashed with humor. He had travelled extensively in Europe at various times—his family, indeed, lived in Paris for several years—and his original observations on the life of the “old world” were both instructive and amusing.

Of his domestic life, this is not the place to speak beyond the barest allusion. In 1863, in the midst of the war, he had married Miss Mary Louise Kerr in Petersburg. It was in all respects an ideal union, and the death of this accomplished woman in 1896, after thirty-three years of unclouded happiness to both, was a blow from which he never altogether recovered. It was in her memory that, in after years, he erected a magnificent “dormitory” at Randolph-Macon College. Another one he, later on, erected in memory of his father, whom he greatly revered.

To his children he was the fondest, the most indulgent, of fathers, and these children, in turn, encompassed him, in the long widowed years, with such sweet provisions, born of responsive devotion, as made his old age an unusually bright and happy one.

On the evening of February 2nd, 1915, surrounded by these sorrowing children (all save one, who was far away overseas) and by others of his immediate family, in the eighty-fifth year of his age, yet with the fresh, unquestioning, faith of a little child, he “crossed the bar” and, with no shadow of misgiving, went to “meet his Pilot face to face.”

On the evening following the death of Major Branch, Richmond was again called upon to mourn the “passing” of a man, whose exceptional abilities had long assured him high place among the foremost of her “captains of industry,” while his

delightful personality had caused him to be universally regarded as one of the chief ornaments of her society.

Like Major Branch, he had passed the limit of four-score, and, like him, he had preserved unimpaired, long after he had passed that limit, the vigor of his intellect and a freshness of feeling that we rarely associate with old age.

This man was ALEXANDER CAMERON, who died on the evening of February 3rd, 1915, in the 83rd year of his age.

Of him, it is but seemly that some mention should be found in the "Minutes" of this Society, prefacing that we shall, in the main, speak only of his personal characteristics, touching but in briefest fashion on the phenomenal industry, capacity and boldness in business affairs, which enabled him, with no adventitious aids, to achieve a great fortune that ran into the millions.

Briefly:

Alexander Cameron, son of Alexander Cameron, was born November 1st, 1832, at Granton, a small Highland village of Invernesshire, on the pleasant river Spey. All his life he was proud of being "an Inverness man," and, had he lived but a few months longer, he had been made prouder still, because of the splendid exploits of the men of Inverness at Ypres and Loos.

On the death of his father, he, then but thirteen years of age, came to Virginia with his mother, who settled in Petersburg. After brief schooling, he began his business life with Mr. David Dunlop; later on, securing a position with Mr. Edmund Harrison Osborne. These two, at the time, ranked chief among the "tobacco magnates" of the "Cockade City," and under them he acquired minute and thorough knowledge of the mysteries attending the manipulation of the "divine weed" before it was ready for the marts of the old world.

Had either of these conservative old "manufacturers" been told that their young assistant, always so pleasant-tempered, alert, and dependable, would one day establish (in conjunction with his two brothers) a business destined to send its "output" to the four quarters of the globe, and that, in time, he would think in millions where they had thought in thousands, they would have deemed the prophet daft. Yet that was just what

fortune (who "truckles to the bold alone") had in store for these three keen-eyed and quick-witted young "Inverness men," each one of whom was endowed with the "grit," enterprise and "hard Scotch sense," so signally characteristic of the race from which they sprung. It is pleasant to add that one of these old-fashioned "magnates" lived to see it, and, without a scintilla of envy, was tremendously proud of his pupil's dazzling achievements.

From the very start, the business established by the three brothers prospered, and, the war coming on, they, in addition, engaged in "blockade-running" and there, too, scored an enormous success. You must go to the voluminous notices, that appeared in the press throughout the whole country at the time of Alexander Cameron's death, if you care to follow the history and titles of the firms established in various cities in this country and in Australia by these brothers, as their business expanded in magnitude.

For the present purpose, it is enough to say that in 1868, Alexander Cameron left Petersburg, came to Richmond (just as Major Branch was to do three years later), and established here branch factories, under the title of "Alexander Cameron & Co." (All of these businesses were, some ten or twelve years ago, sold to the "British-American Tobacco Company.")

He was then a little over five-and-thirty years old, and, as some of you, no doubt, remember, a singularly handsome man, as he was, indeed, to the day of his death. From the first, he scored quite as marked a success in society, as he had done in business. Small wonder, for he was possessed of all the qualities that make a man popular alike with men and women. He was young, handsome, rich, was absolutely "independent" and despised a snob, while his whole face and bearing were instinct with the "*joie de vivre*."

Then came the sudden crowning happiness of his life, which gave society a distinct "sensation." Perhaps (we speak with caution for obvious reasons), the "reigning belle" of Richmond at that time was Miss Mary Haxall, daughter of R. Barton Haxall, esq., of this city. She had great beauty, high birth, brilliant wit, and would some day have a comfortable fortune. Suitors were many, but she seemed in no hurry to choose.

Then, suddenly, in rode our handsome Scot, like another bold "Young Lochinvar," and carried off the brilliant maid, while many an amazed swain stood "dangling his bonnet and plume." Later on, her equally brilliant and beautiful sister married Captain Robert E. Lee, youngest son of our great Confederate chieftain.

It was a happy union, blessed with numerous children, and their home here, to the day of his death (which preceeded hers by but little over half a year), was a recognized social centre, where the cleverest men and most accomplished women of the day gathered around the witty hostess and hospitable master of the house with delightful informality, everybody feeling sure of hearty and gracious welcome.

One pauses, from time to time, to consider whether one is merely a "*temporis acti laudator*," when he finds, or fancies that he finds, lacking in the society of to-day the indefinable charm that permeated that simple and kindly society of some thirty or forty years ago. At any rate, if memory may be counted on at all, the society that gathered so often in the drawing-rooms of the Camerons at the time, and that kept the ball flying to and fro with nimble wit and flashing repartee, was in no wise akin to the "Society" satirized by Byron in "Don Juan" as "a polished horde" composed of "bores and bored."

In these gatherings, the brilliant hostess reigned supreme, and we were all proud to acknowledge her undisputed sovereignty.

But there were other gatherings under that hospitable roof-tree, when the master of the house was the central figure, as a sort of "*Epularum arbiter*," and when all of us, for a single night, at least, resolved ourselves into a band of "brither Scots" and joined him, in song and in impromptu speech, in celebrating the historic glories of the "Land o' Cakes."

We have already adverted to the fact that he was intensely proud (always in his modest way) of being an "Inverness man." He was equally proud that he belonged to the clan of which "Lochiel" was the head, and a portrait of this chief (then Colonel Donald Cameron of Achnacarry), Lieutenant-Colonel of the "Cameron Highlanders," always hung in the hall of his town-house.

Devoted son as he was of the state of his adoption and ever ready by purse and brain to further her interests, like Burns, his "heart" was "in the Highlands," and he loved every inch of "Auld Scotia's" bonnie heather "frae Maidenkirke to Johnie Groat's."

Now, in the years we are speaking of, some of his Scotch friends never failed to send him annually a munificent present of Scotch pheasants, and thus every year occurred what was reckoned *the* social event of the season (so far as "mere man" was concerned), known in society as "Cameron's Pheasant Supper." The Governor, judges of the Supreme Court, lawyers, doctors, bankers, business men, were all hospitably bidden, and no man was ever known to decline.

Cameron, always the soul of hospitality, was in his element. His genial temper that shone in his face and sounded in the deepening burr of his voice (which distinctive mark of a Highlander, by the way, he never lost), his manifest eagerness to make everyone happy—all combined to render these gatherings the delight of his guests.

The pheasants (which in good old Scotch fashion were always brought in "in their feathers") were "high" and "a morsel fit for the gods" while the "Wickham Madeira of '30" (which had "doubled the Cape") was worthy accompaniment, and there was great jollity and many a merry quip and much harmless laughter. It was not so far back in the past, as men count time, and yet, it sometimes seems a thousand years ago. It was, at any rate, a time when gentlemen had not been reduced to the pass of having their "daily walk" *mapp-ed* out for them by legislative enactment and when such phrases as "moral uplift," "service," "self-consecration," and "a quickening of the public conscience" ("soiled with all ignoble use," as Tennyson sang of the "name of gentleman") had not yet attained their rubricated pre-eminence in the Liturgy of Cant.

Mark you, there was no sort of excess. Gentlemen simply clung to their old-fashioned notions as to the liberty of the individual and did not think that a man was necessarily going straight to perdition if he offered a gentleman a glass of wine at his board—just as Washington and the Lees and John Mar-



shall and all the other great Virginians had been wont to do, when Virginia guided the destinies of the nation.

Even so slight a sketch as this would fall far short of truthful delineation, if it did not emphasize the fearless candor, simplicity and modesty of the man. He despised shams of every sort and could be very direct of speech whenever they came into evidence, no matter how plausible the guise. On the other hand, his unaffected modesty touching his own achievements was immensely attractive. He had started at the foot of the ladder, and by sheer "grit," intelligence and industry had mounted to the top, and when, in time, he had reached what to so many others has proved a dizzy height that made them "lose their heads," he lost neither head nor balance, but remained the same quiet, kindly, unostentatious gentleman that he had ever been.

Still another trait that made him most lovable was his great kindness to young men, who were striving to "make their way in the world." This man, rich in experience, was never too busy to listen to their troubles or perplexities, to give them freely of his counsel, and, if needs be, of material help.

He and his wife were keen travellers—in Europe and in the East—had, both, been "presented at Court" in England, and had made many delightful friends all over the world. Even after he was four-score, he preserved, as has been hinted above, to a most remarkable degree a fresh and eager interest in men and in events, and his virile bearing and conversation no whit suggested the veteran lagging superfluous on the stage.

But the lethal stroke was destined soon to fall.

In June of last year, at his beautiful country-place in Orange County, "Cameron Lodge," whither he had gone, as usual, for the summer months, he suffered his first stroke of paralysis. He recovered somewhat and took up again, to a certain extent, his interests in life. But, in reality, he was never the same man again.

He was brought to his town-house in Richmond early in the autumn, where he later suffered a second stroke, and his family gathered about him knew that the end was not far off. Yet so vigorous was his constitution, that he lived on for several months. In January of this year, he suffered the third and fatal stroke,

which rendered him an easy prey to pneumonia, which fell disease carried him off on the evening of February 3rd. It is no mean consolation to his old friends to know that the end was absolutely free of pain.

In the contemplation of a life so rich in achievement, so manly, candid and modest, so rooted in the precepts of the "Golden Rule," and, withal, so kindly and beneficent to his fellows, one can surely say of him, as Carlyle said of Walter Scott, "When he departed, he took a Man's life with him."

Of this notable trio of "Captains of industry" and of finance—three of the greatest that have ever adorned the annals of Richmond—by far the youngest was JAMES N. BOYD. Indeed, he was not yet born when Branch and Cameron were young men, who had already begun their successful careers.

As his most salient characteristic was innate sincerity, it is specially seemly that the events of his busy life should be set down with like simplicity.

JAMES NALLE BOYD, son of John W. Boyd and of his wife, Virginia Nalle, also grandson of the Rev'd John H. Boyd, of Scotch ancestry, was born in this city, May 28th, 1850. He was, thus, not quite eleven years old when the great "War Between the States" began. Yet, his was the marvellous good fortune, through an alert and daring spirit, to share, in some measure, in the great events that constitute Virginia's paramount claim to be counted among the heroic peoples of the earth.

In May, 1864, when Sheridan's enterprising horsemen sought to force the inner line of fortifications of this city on the "Brook Road," the high-spirited lad quietly slipped away from home and stood in the trenches, shoulder to shoulder, musket in hand, with the local battalion that behaved with great firmness under attack and finally balked the ambitious attempt of Grant's alert chief of cavalry.

When Richmond was evacuated, April 2nd, 1865, not yet fifteen years of age, he slipped away again, and, joining a veteran infantry regiment, shared with it the hardships, and participated in the actions in which it was engaged, during the tragic "Retreat," which culminated in "the Surrender" at Appomattox C. H.

It was foreign to his modest nature to be proud of anything, but this was the one thing in his life of which he was unquestionably proud in his quiet fashion, and he remained an ardent "Confederate" down to the day of his death.

When, after "the Surrender," he made his toilsome way (afoot and in casual freight-cars) back to Richmond, he found the city (at least, the business portion of it) a mass of smouldering ashes and, at the same time, found himself, as most of us did, without a single penny in his pocket.

But he was a sturdy, well-set-up, lad, older than his years, with frank, open, manners (as he was to the last), had been well grounded in "the rudiments" by a thorough school-master of the fine, old-fashioned, type, and, above all, was endowed with the traditional Scotch common-sense and indomitable "grit," which came to him by inheritance.

To all such, the wide world over, poverty is a stimulus and no handicap.

He almost at once secured a subordinate position with the famous firm of Thomas & Oliver, at that time the recognized heads of the leaf-tobacco trade, and under them learned thoroughly the details of the business. In later years, thanks to this training, it was said of him by men who were "experts" themselves that he was the finest judge of leaf tobacco on "the Exchange."

It is not our purpose to follow minutely the successive stages of his wonderful business career. In the elaborate notices that appeared in the public press at the time of his death, you will find it all set out in detail—how, as this lad grew to manhood, he became, in time, head of a great "leaf-tobacco" house—President of one of the leading banks, not only of Richmond, but of the whole South—President of a powerful Trust Company—President of the "Tobacco Exchange"—recognized leader in the "Chamber of Commerce"—Director in many Corporations. All this, while a testimony to his thrift and sagacity, will inevitably, in time, sink into oblivion.

But there is one great tradition of him that shall endure.

Richmond is by no means a big city, as cities are rated in this twentieth century. Yet as Zaragossa (far smaller in popula-

tion than our own town) is reckoned "great" by lofty souls, who count self-abnegation and constancy and antique valor above multitudinous aggregations of brick and mortar, so, for the same reason, is Richmond's place assured among the "great" cities of the world. But her proud, defiant, port during four years of war, when she stood girdled by steel and fire—the antique patriotism that made her strong, at the last, to meet with unshaken front the very stroke of fate—this, noble and splendid as it is, is not her only claim to be reckoned "great."

When she fell well-nigh in throes of annihilation, another tragic blow was yet to smite her.

At the "Evacuation," a devastating conflagration swept over the proud capital and left the whole business section in hapless desolation.

As poets and historians will continue to celebrate her glories in war, so, we may rest sure, shall one day be told in all its noble austerity the wondrous story of her rehabilitation—her resurrection from the ashes of what seemed to the outside world irretrievable disaster.

It was done, not in a day nor in a year, nor was it done by any alien help. It took many days—nay, not a few years—but it was done, and supremely done, through the dogged industry and indomitable spirit of the very men who had hedged her round with stubborn steel during the driving storm of war.

Whenever that story is written, you will find the name of James Nalle Boyd conspicuous on every page.

This, we repeat, is the tradition of him that shall longest abide. It is not too much to say that from that pinched beginning until Richmond flowered out into a beauty and solid opulence that eclipsed all her former material glories, there was no undertaking, however large or small, looking to the moral or material advancement of his native town, in which this devoted son of hers did not do his full part in manly, wise and generous fashion.

There is no need to dwell in this presence on his engaging personality. Long shall we miss on our streets his handsome, leonine, face, his hearty, gracious, greeting, the engaging simplicity of his manner to gentle and simple alike. In all sorts

of charities and benevolent organizations, he ever took a most active and intelligent part. There was not one of them that did not lean on his wise counsels, and all men recognized that his was the open eye to discern clearly where aid should be promptly rendered, the open heart to sympathize, the open hand to give. Especially will he be long missed by the "Police" and the "Firemen's" "Benevolent Associations," to both of which he gave freely of his time and money.

He was equally generous and active in all Confederate organizations, and he literally fell "in harness" working for the success of the "Grand Re-union of United Confederate Veterans," that took place here last June. Night and day, though the mortal disease already held him in its fell grip, he remained at "Reunion Head-Quarters" arranging, as "Chairman of the Finance Committee," countless details for the comfort and entertainment of the coming veterans. But, alas! when the longed-for gala days came, and his old comrades marched with drum-corps and band and tattered, grimy, battle-flags within a stone's throw of his house, the shadow of death was hovering over him, and he could only send them (as he did) the blessing of a soldier, who was slowly passing over the river to the great bivouac "Beyond."

Of his religious life, we can only say simply that from boyhood on, through all the years of strenuous and varied activities, his whole being was saturated with unaffected piety. For twenty-six years he was a Vestryman of "All Saints' Church," and the "Resolutions" passed at his death by his colleagues portray with touching eloquence the beauty and steadfastness of his Christian faith.

After several months of suffering, which he bore with serene constancy and courage, came the fateful day, September 6th, 1915, when Death's bright angel placed within his dying hand (as Milton finely says in "Comus")

That golden key,  
That opes the palace of Eternity.

'Tis a far cry, indeed, from the imperious activities of these three great capitalists to the scholarly investigations of the

expert genealogist and antiquarian, MR. LOTHROP WITHINGTON, whose tragic fate will long be mourned, not alone by members of this Society, but by many historical specialists both at home and abroad.

As he had lived most of his life in London since reaching manhood, most people conversant with his work thought him an Englishman; but such was not the fact. He was of pure, unhyphenated, American strain on both sides of his house and never gave up his American citizenship, though, as years went by, his devotion to his adopted home became well-nigh as intense as that of any Londoner "born within the sound of Bow bells."

Briefly, he was born January 31st, 1856, in the little village of Newbury, which lies contiguous to the ancient "home of the whalers," Newburyport, Massachusetts, and, as we have indicated above, came of undiluted New England stock. The love of letters was in his blood. His father, Nathan Noyes Withington, was a clever journalist, well-known through New England for his incisive editorials, while his grandfather, the Rev'd Leonard Withington, D. D., a graduate of Yale in the early years of the nineteenth century, was a scholarly divine of the old-fashioned type, who, in his long span of ninety-six years, wrote not a few books, chiefly polemic theology, which were, indeed, highly praised in the pages of the "*North American Review*," though it may well be doubted whether his "unorthodox" grandson ever found time to glance through any of them.

As a lad, young Withington went in and out of the offices of the "*Newburyport Herald*," which his father edited, learned to set type while still a school-boy, and, shortly after graduating from the "Putnam High School," secured, to his great delight, a position in the "Government Printing Office" at Washington. Here he worked hard, thriftily saving his salary, while living the life of a young Spartan, and was thus enabled, within a twelve month, to realize his dream of seeing the wonders of the Old World. He first went to Paris, where he seems to have lived for a full year, revelling in the galleries, libraries and theatres of that fascinating capital, meanwhile practicing his "prentice hand" in writing trenchant criticisms of all that he saw for the columns of the local paper in his native town.

From Paris, he, not unnaturally, drifted over to London, and though, for a time, he came back to his New England home, "the world's capital" (for so it is) had laid its nameless spell upon him, and in the early '80's back he went to what was practically his home to the last.

Apparently, the purpose had gradually been shaping itself in his mind to devote himself to specialistic historical study, and settling down in "Little Russell Street," under the very shadow of the British Museum, delving daily deeper and deeper into the only-partially explored mines of its incomparable MS. riches, that purpose soon became fixed, and it may be truly said that, at last, he had "found himself." His industry was prodigious, his *flair* in picking up obscure clues was almost unerring, and it was not long before he became known to a small band of fellow-craftsmen as a man who "knew his business." From specialistic historical study to genealogy it is but a step—indeed, the two are often so closely interwoven as to blend—and it was finally as an expert genealogist that he achieved what is likely to prove his most lasting claim to remembrance.

The historical work that he did was, it is true, recognized as admirable of its kind—an edition of the "*Chronicles*" that go under the name of "*Holinshed*"—and one or two Elizabethan monographs—but they were really never widely known and brought him no great reputation, and even less money, from the outside world.

But, on the other hand, he had won an assured place among the "elect" genealogists, who find their "happy hunting-ground" in "the Museum" and "Public Records Office" and "Somerset House," and, as his reputation grew, there came to him a numerous *clientèle* of well-to-do Americans of good family, who were very properly eager to have a trained expert fix with definitive exactness the degree of their kinship to traditional ancestors overseas. The work was to his taste and the fees highly remunerative.

Such was his position and the happy tenor of his life, when some twelve years ago, happening on a copy of our Magazine either in the British Museum or elsewhere, he was attracted by the careful work done by our Editor, and at once wrote,

offering to contribute to its pages. We could offer him no remuneration, but, like the true scholar that he was, he cared nothing for money, and from that time until his untimely end there is scarcely a number of our Magazine that is not enriched by some contribution from his generous pen.

Not only did he contribute during these years his delightful "*Gleanings from English Wills*," which have proved so attractive to our readers, but he transcribed with laborious exactness from the originals in the British Museum and elsewhere historical documents of grave import, of which some of the best-known historians had previously possessed but imperfect knowledge.

It would be idle for us to reiterate here what we have said in Report after Report during the past ten or twelve years touching the significant value of these "*Gleanings*." Not only do they shed instructive side-lights on the social life and economic development of the Colony, but they abound in precise biographical details that clear up many obscurities in the public and private lives of some of our foremost "Worthies" of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth centuries.

To recall to you but a few instances out of many—in the cases of the Royal governors, Captain Francis West, Sir John Harvey, Kemp, Digges, Nott and Dinwiddie—of "pious Mr. Whitaker," and that staunch Royalist, Rev'd Philip Mallory, "very diligent in the advancement of religion in this country" (to quote from the resolutions of the Assembly of 1660-61)—of the Virginia historical writers, William Strachey and William Bullock—of the barely-known "Councillors," George Minifie and William Tucker—of the dauntless "Physician-General of Virginia," Lawrence Bohune, whose dying utterances, as he fell mortally wounded on the deck of Captain Chester's ship in her action against two Spanish men-of-war in the West Indies (March, 1621), are fit match for those of that valorous old "sea-dog," Sir Richard Grenville of "the little *Revenge*," immortalized by Tennyson—of that "compleat sparkish Gentleman" (as Mr. Commissary Blair sneeringly called him) and dashing soldier, Colonel Daniel Parke, Jr., who for his headlong valor at "Blenheim" was singled out by Marlborough



(on whose staff he was a volunteer) to bear tidings of the "famous victory" to Her Majesty, Queen Anne, the latter, in recognition of the joyful news, giving him her portrait set in diamonds—in all of these instances (and we could multiply them), we are enabled through the precise details given in these "*Gleanings*" to fill-in with an assured hand much that was vague or blurred in the traditional portraiture of these "Worthies" and, in not a few cases, to reconcile apparent contradictions in their respective careers.

Of the "historical documents of grave import" which he transcribed for us, from time to time, and to which we have briefly adverted above, perhaps, the most significant was the "Report of the Surrender of Virginia to the Parliamentary Commissioners, March, 1651-52." Until it appeared in the pages of our Magazine (Vol. XI, pp. 32-41), it had never before been printed, except in "*Mercurius Politicus*" (No. 103, May 13th—May 20th, 1652), a contemporary news-sheet (now in the British Museum), which latter was evidently as unknown to historians as was the original in the State Paper Office. The consequence has been that they have written vaguely, when not altogether erroneously, of an event of prime importance in the history of the Colony. A careful reading of it proves, beyond peradventure, that not only has our own delightful old "*Beverley*" (London: 1705) blundered badly as to important details of the "Surrender," but that a greater than Beverley, Samuel R. Gardiner, in his well-known "*Commonwealth and Protectorate*," has gone still further astray.

Time would, indeed, fail us to enumerate fully and fairly all the kind and generous offices we owe to this most disinterested friend. But there is a special service of his, which, though mention of it has been made in previous Reports, should again be dwelt on in this slight memorial, as illustrating, perhaps, beyond his other services the almost unique generosity of the man.

In 1911, he ascertained in some way that this Society was most anxious to have transcribed by an expert, with view to publication in the Magazine, the "*Minutes of the Council and General Court*" of Virginia, the originals of which, as you all know, are in the "Congressional Library" at Washington.

As some few of you also know, the crabbed hand-writing and bewildering abbreviations employed by the various scribes who recorded these "*Minutes*," render them almost undecipherable except by a trained and highly intelligent expert. The employment of such an expert (as Mr. Withington well knew) was far beyond the reach of the slender purse of our association. At once, he volunteered to do the work himself, expressly stipulating that he was to receive no sort of remuneration. Nay, more than this did he do, later on. In the midst of this "labor of love," his own imperious engagements in London forbade his making his usual annual visit to America, at which time it was his custom to work hard over his self-imposed task. But not for a moment did he turn from his voluntary promise. He at once caused "photostatic" copies of large portions of the "*Minutes*" to be made at his own expense by experts in the "Congressional Library" and sent over to him. These he found time to decipher and forthwith despatched them to our Secretary. Even for this outlay out of his own pocket, he declined to be re-imbursed, laughingly putting aside the insistence of our Secretary and pretending with rare delicacy that it was a matter of trivial moment, which we knew that it was not.

In order to appreciate the full extent of this large-hearted generosity, you must bear in mind that he was, in the language of his craft, a "high-priced man," who could readily transmute every moment of his precious time into minted "coin of the realm."

His generosity was, indeed, so ready and persistent, that our Secretary, in a sort of comic dismay, was finally driven to confess that he was afraid to mention to him any rare historical document, of which he specially wished a copy, lest Withington should at once insist on sending it to the Society.

There can be no doubt, in truth, that this enthusiastic antiquarian, whose whole soul was in his chosen field, entertained a peculiar affection for the Society in whose behalf he had labored so long and so unselfishly. In fact, he came, in time, to consider himself a member of our regular staff.

Whenever he ran across the seas to have a glimpse of old scenes and old friends and near kinsmen, he always came to Richmond for a flying visit, spending nearly every moment of his time at the "Society House," where he was ever sure of cordial welcome. Small wonder, for he was a man of what our ancestors were wont to term "engaging manners," an "original" and incisive talker, who possessed the happy "Art of Putting Things," and might, in consequence, count on welcome wherever men of "light and leading" gathered for social converse.

He paid his last visit to us towards the end of April of this year, and was never in better spirits nor more enthusiastic as to his work (then in hand or already planned) for the coming years. He was carrying back to London with him a large portfolio of the "photostatic reproductions," already mentioned, which he was to decipher and soon send back to us. Other things of a like kind he characteristically proposed to do for the Society.

At the beginning of the next month, he set sail for England in the ill-fated "*Lusitania*," and on May 7th, he, along with other non-combatants, with helpless women and still more helpless children, was done to death by the stealthy hand of a miscreant, "whom 'twere gross flattery to name a coward." Whoever he may be, he and his fellow-miscreant, von Bissing, who murdered Edith Cavell, may for a few brief years flaunt upon their breast the "Iron Cross," bestowed by an approving Kaiser, but on the forehead of each stupid malefactor God Himself has stamped the "mark of Cain."

The last seen of Withington (according to a letter written by a fellow-passenger, Mr. Harold Boulton of London) was that, not taking time to secure a life-belt for himself, he was cheerily helping to put the women and children into the few boats that could be lowered. To alter Hamlet but a trifle, "Look here upon *this* picture, and on *that*!"

As men count years, Mr. Withington was not a young man, and yet, when we contemplate his amazing physical vitality, his intense alertness of mind, and the undimmed flame of his enthusiasm for his chosen work, we cannot choose but think of him as another "Lycidas" "dead ere his prime," whose un-

toward fate, closely akin to Withington's own, has been commemorated in one of the noblest threnodies of our English tongue. And while it is not vouchsafed to us to attain the lofty note that has immortalized that more famous Lycidas, "floating upon his watery bier, and weltering to the parching wind," it may yet be allowed us to attest here in humblest fashion and in homeliest sincerity, that, outside his immediate family and the small circle of his intimates, Lothrop Withington will nowhere be mourned more deeply and unaffectedly in death than in this "Old Dominion," for the perpetuation of whose historic glories he had in the fulness of life wrought so long and well.

Although this Report has already far transcended in volume the limits proposed, duty bids us pause to make mention, even though it must be in briefest fashion, of one, who for more than five-and-twenty years was an enthusiastic member of this Society—the distinguished Kentuckian, Lucas Brodhead, who was not only a "man of mark" in "the blue-grass region," but widely known throughout the Eastern states as "the prince of gentlemen horsemen."

He came of a long line of gallant men and high-bred women and, had he so minded, could, of right, have taken as his own the proud, yet homely, legend inscribed upon the family-vault of the Lords of Colchester—"All the men were brave, and all the women virtuous."

Lucas Brodhead, son of Lucas Brodhead and of his wife, Mary Cordelia Upshaw Price, was sixth in descent from Captain Daniel Brodhead (of the family of that ilk, created by James II Lords of the Manor of Monk Britton in Yorkshire), who came to America in 1664, as a "Captain of Musketeers," in Colonel Nickoll's expedition against the New Netherlands (See Mr. A. A. Bowmar's admirable article in the "*New York Genealogical and Biographical Record*," April, 1915).

Lucas Brodhead, the father of the subject of this sketch, migrated from Ulster County, New York, to Kentucky in 1820, and, settling at Frankfort, the capital, became, in time, one of the leading lawyers in the state.

Through his mother, Miss Price, young Brodhead was allied by blood to many of the oldest Virginia families, "gentry-folk," as they used to be called in the old days—for her mother was Hannah Upshaw of Essex County, daughter of that John Upshaw, whose name occurs so frequently in the "Journals of the House of Burgesses", and who was also one of the Signatories of the famous "Articles of the Westmoreland Association, drawn by Richard Henry Lee and presented by him to a meeting of restive patriots held at "Leedstown" in Westmoreland County, February 27th, 1766—the first public defiance in the Colonies of the odious "Stamp Act" and the first (scarcely-veiled) threat of separation from the mother-country—promulgated (you will observe) more than nine years before the apocryphal "Mecklenburg Declaration" in North Carolina, and more than ten years before the historic "Declaration of Independence" in Philadelphia. Well might Bancroft declare, without a shadow of exaggeration, "Virginia rang the alarm bell for the continent."

For the long line of Mr. Brodheads forebears, "officers and gentlemen" for generations, we must refer you to Mr. Bowmar's delightful article mentioned above, which is well worth careful reading.

Young Brodhead was fortunate in receiving, as a lad, a very thorough classical training, but, after a brief college-course, he entered upon a business career, in which he scored a very notable success. But, within a few years, he gave up "business" as we commonly understand the term, and undertook the more congenial task (indeed, the most congenial task to a true Kentuckian) of managing the large estates, including the celebrated stud-farm, of his kinsmen, the Alexander brothers. This remained his life-work until he retired.

He was a man of marked executive ability, a shrewd financier, and, as might be expected, had been from boyhood passionately fond of horses. His knowledge of both the English and American "stud-books" was unrivalled, and in any dispute as to equine pedigrees that arose, East or West (and they were many), his decision was accepted as final. Famous as the "Woodburn Farm" became under the elder Alexander, it became more

famous still under Mr. Brodhead's management, and was universally conceded by expert "horsemen" to be the "foremost breeding-farm" in America, if not in the world.

It was said of that fine old Virginian, "Jack" Roane of "Up pomac," in King William County, who represented Virginia for so many years with marked distinction in the Congress of the United States (and who, by the way, was a kinsman of Brodhead's, for his mother was Sally Upshaw), that he was "a living encyclopaedia of Virginia pedigrees of men and horses."

The same (*mutatis mutandis*) could be said with perfect truth of Mr. Brodhead. According to Mr. Bowmar's lists, he possessed a collection, unrivalled outside of great public libraries, of family-letters, military commissions of his ancestors, land-grants, deeds, family-muniments of all sorts, running back for over three centuries. If the scientific breeding of "thorough-breds" was the pursuit in life he most preferred, genealogy was scarcely less a passion with him, and, when he retired from active management of the stud-farm some twelve or fourteen years ago, the absorbing occupation of his busy brain was in arranging and annotating this great mass of family documents. In this engrossing task (which was really no "task," but a veritable "labor of love"), he was fortunate in having the keen sympathy and active assistance of a congenial helpmate, whose distinguished ancestry matched his own, and we trust that it is no impertinence on our part to express the hope that, now that he is gone, this accomplished lady will see fit to edit and to publish to the reading world this intimate family record of her husband's gallant forebears, who served king and republic alike with distinction for over three hundred years.

Mr. Brodhead never entered "public life," as that term is commonly accepted, but he was, nevertheless, immensely interested in all public questions, and, as he was a man of wide acquaintance and universal popularity, the politicians had always to reckon with his disinterested, yet potent, influence.

In appearance, he was the *beau-ideal* of the "gallant Kentuckian"—of commanding presence and gracious manners, possessing the indescribable "*bel air*" of the born aristocrat,

yet, withal, what is commonly known in these latter days as "a good mixer" with all sorts and conditions of men.

He had little more than rounded out his "three score years and ten," when he fell quietly asleep at "Okalee," his country home in Woodford County, Kentucky, Oct. 1st, 1914 (though the announcement of his death did not reach us until the spring of the current year).

He was universally lamented throughout his native state, and widely elsewhere, while this Society will long miss the active support and keen sympathy with its aims which he ungrudgingly accorded it for over a quarter of a century.

In conclusion, we must emphasize once more our poignant regret that, for reasons already stated, we are debarred from paying even a passing tribute to others in this mournful roll—especially to three old friends:—MAJOR HOLMES CONRAD, of Winchester, the daring soldier, learned jurist and brilliant orator—JACOB HEFFLEFINGER, the modest and erudite antiquarian of Hampton, whose "*Kecoughtan, Old and New*" gave him high rank among our local historians—and last, but by no means least, the witty and genial ROBERT L. PARRISH, JR., of Covington, who, but for the untimely fate which snatched him from us in the full flush of his young manhood, had surely achieved high reputation as an expert in rare "*Virginiana*."

Yet, after all, words are, at best, but idle things, and, mayhap, even in the land beyond the stars, these three old friends, divining the wistful tenderness and regret that underlie our hushed "*requiescat*", may, like Browning's dead "Evelyn Hope," "remember and—understand."

All of which is respectfully submitted.

W. GORDON McCABE,  
President.

At the conclusion of the Annual Report, Mr. J. Alston Cabell was called to the chair.

The next business was the election of officers and members of the Executive Committee. On motion, a nominating com-

mittee consisting of Mr. W. Clayton Torrence, Col. Jennings C. West and Mr. Charles C. Anderson was appointed.

When the committee retired a motion was made and adopted thanking President McCabe for his services to the Society during the past year. Mr. Cabell gracefully tendered the thanks of the Society to President McCabe.

The nominating committee returned and recommended that the following be elected:

*President*—W. Gordon McCabe, Richmond, Va.

*Vice-Presidents*—Archer Anderson, Richmond, Va., Edward V. Valentine, Richmond, Va. and Lyon G. Tyler, Williamsburg, Va.

*Corresponding Secretary and Librarian*—William G. Stanard, Richmond, Va.

*Recording Secretary*—D. C. Richardson, Richmond, Va.

*Treasurer*—Robert A. Lancaster, Jr., Richmond, Va.

*Executive Committee*—C. V. Meredith, Richmond, Va., Charles W. Kent, University of Virginia, J. Stewart Bryan, Richmond, Va., A. C. Gordon, Staunton, Va., S. S. P. Patterson, Richmond, Va., S. H. Yonge, Richmond, Va., William H. Palmer, Richmond, Va., Rt. Rev. A. M. Randolph, Norfolk, Va., Daniel Grinnan, Richmond, Va., J. P. McGuire, Jr., Richmond, Va., Wm. A. Anderson, Lexington, Va., Morgan P. Robinson, Richmond, Va.

On motion the officers and members named were unanimously elected.

President McCabe resumed the chair, and there being no further business, on motion, the meeting adjourned.